



"YOU SEX MY WIFE--I'LL SEX YOUR WIFE!"

REAL MEN

SGT. TNT TUCKER:

**ONE HOUR TO
SABOTAGE
HITLER'S JOY
GIRL EXPRESS!**

EXPERIENCED MALES:

PDC
35¢
DEC.

**Overheated Teen-age
Nymphs Are
Looking For You!**

**VICE DOLLS WHO
RENT OUT THEIR
SERVICES BY THE
DAY OR WEEK!**

**"OUR SHIP
HAS BEEN
BLOWN
TO BITS
--EVERYBODY'S
DYING!
EVERYBODY'S DEAD!"**





THIS DIAMOND IS NOT A DIAMOND!

Imagine paying under \$100 for a perfect two-carat diamond ring . . . under \$100 for fabulous one-carat diamond earrings . . . under \$60 for a full carat diamond tie-tac!

Impossible?

Since diamond prices are so closely controlled by the international cartels, of course that likelihood is extremely remote, but now thanks to an incredible space-age breakthrough, you can do practically the same thing!

Now, for a fraction of what you would pay for a genuine diamond, you can purchase a man-made stone so perfect even an expert using a powerful magnifying glass can't tell it from the real thing for sure without actually subjecting it to scientific testing!

Imagine! Magnificent man-made diamonds so perfect that experts can barely tell them apart positively . . . So beautiful that jewelers — and even pawnbrokers — are fooled! . . . So flawless that few genuine diamonds can match their perfection . . . and for less than one twentieth the cost!

These magnificent stones are called Diagems. They are identical to diamonds in every respect except one!

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE

Genuine diamonds are produced from carbon under tremendous heat and pressure. So are Diagems! Genuine diamonds have a cubic molecular structure. So do Diagems! Genuine diamonds have a fire and brilliance measured on the refractory scale as 2.4. So do Diagems! Genuine diamonds are cut by expert diamond cutters. So are Diagems!

What is the difference then? Simply this . . . A diamond, which is the hardest substance in the world, is harder than a Diagem. A Diagem is almost as hard as an emerald, but it isn't as hard as a diamond. This is the only basic difference between a genuine diamond and a Diagem, and that difference is of no practical consequence.

The woman who wears a Diagem will never be aware of the minute difference — nor will anyone else — unless you tell them! Diagems pass for real diamonds anywhere, under close examination, and in the most knowledgeable and most sophisticated company!

100 years ago, 50 years ago, even 20 years ago, there was no substitute for diamonds. There were paste, zircons, and a few laboratory-made stones of uncertain quality, but nothing that could actually pass as a genuine diamond. Now that situation has changed dramatically! Just as the cultured pearl can't be told from the genuine pearl, so the Diagem can't be told from the diamond, and knowledgeable people everywhere are taking advantage of that fact!

Those magnificent diamond earrings your friend's wife was wearing the other day may actually have been Diagems! That beautiful ring your best friend was wearing may have been a Diagem as well! More people — especially among the wealthy — are wearing Diagems than you would begin to suspect, but they're not telling, and unless they do, there is no way you could possibly know.

WHY NOT YOU?

Unless you are buying purely for investment, Diagems make perfect sense because: 1. They cost only a fraction of what diamonds cost, yet they are just

as beautiful and often more so. 2. They pose no expensive insurance problems. If one should be lost, strayed or stolen, the event is not the calamity it might otherwise be. 3. No one can tell them from the real thing for sure without subjecting them to a hardness test.

If you are wondering what kind of a gift to get for that special occasion . . . why not a Diagem? If you have an anniversary coming up, what better way to go all out than with a gift like this? If you are about to purchase an engagement ring, how much more sense to invest in a Diagem! You get a bigger (and since diamonds are judged by size), a far more lovely and impressive ring for a fraction of what you would expect to pay, and the huge savings can go towards furnishing the house or towards that new car.

Or, if you are simply trying to impress or win over a friend, what better way than this? If diamonds are a girl's best friend, so are Diagems because she'll never tell them apart!

No matter what kind of gift, no matter what the occasion, certainly Diagems make good sense, and if you have any doubts, you can actually see for yourself without risk. We are so confident you will be impressed with Diagems once you actually examine one, that we make this

FREE EXAMINATION OFFER

Diagems are available only in a few smart outlets in several of our larger cities and nowhere else. Now, for the first time, they are being offered by mail!

We are a highly reputable and well-financed organization. You may deal with us with complete confidence. No one will ever know you are our customer. If Diagems sound intriguing to you, simply indicate your choice below. When your Diagem arrives, look it over for 10 full days at our risk. Have it examined by whomever you like. If, at the end of that time, you are not completely satisfied in every way, return for an immediate refund, no questions asked! Your friends must be convinced you are wearing a magnificent genuine diamond, or you pay nothing!

DIAGEM CO., 306 Hempstead Ave., Malverne, N.Y. 11565, Dept. 1543

Please rush the Diagem(s) I have indicated below by insured mail with the understanding that I may examine them for 10 days without obligation. If, at the end of that time I am not completely satisfied, I will return for a full and immediate refund, no questions asked.

Handsome FREE presentation case with each item.

- ☐ One-carat perfect Diagem . . . \$35
- ☐ Two-carat perfect Diagem . . . \$65
- ☐ Three-carat perfect Diagem . . . \$95
- ☐ Larger Size Diagems available
- ☐ Lady's Tiffany white or yellow 14 K gold ring without baguettes, add only . . . \$25
- ☐ Lady's Tiffany white or yellow 14 K gold ring with baguettes, add only . . . \$35
- ☐ Any of the above set in man's handsome white or yellow 14 K gold ring, add only . \$50
- ☐ Send me your FREE Catalog

I enclose \$_____ check or money order. You pay postage and insurance.

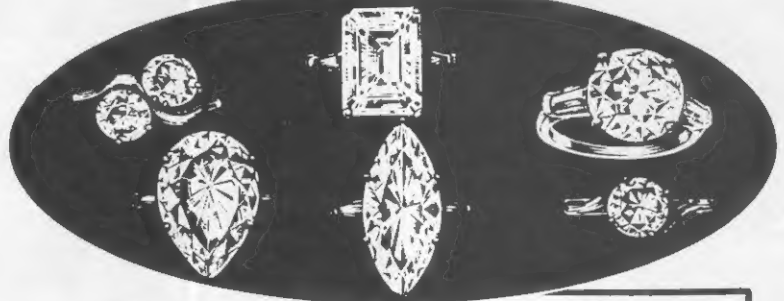
☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$10 for goodwill and will pay Postman balance plus C.O.D., handling and insurance charges. Include appropriate sales tax.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Showroom: 4 East 46 St., N.Y.C. 10017
Circle ring size: 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13



Don't Compare

these stones with zircons, white sapphires, paste or any of the "synthetic diamonds" you may have seen, heard or read about. Diagems are different! The product of years of research and development, they are virtually identical to and indistinguishable from genuine diamonds in every important respect . . . Same basic cubic molecular structure, same light refractive index (2.4), same clarity and brilliance! Like a diamond, Diagems, too are forever.

PAWNBROKERS BEWARE (TWO TRUE STORIES)

When Diagems were first introduced, a man we know approached a pawnbroker with a one carat Diagem ring. The broker examined it through his glass and said, "\$750". Look again, smiled our friend expecting the pawnbroker to recognize his error. "O.K., \$800," he replied, "but no higher."

The prospective mother-in-law was unimpressed by her daughter's choice of a beau. When the young couple showed her the magnificent engagement ring, Momma softened a bit. After all, anyone who could afford an \$1800 ring couldn't be all bad. The actual cost of that ring? Less than \$80, but to this day Momma hasn't the slightest inkling!

Diagems simply cannot be told from real diamonds by visual inspection alone!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

When your Diagem arrives, examine it for 10 days at our risk. If you aren't convinced it is everything we claim, indistinguishable from a genuine diamond except by hardness test, don't keep it. Simply return for full and immediate refund, no questions asked!

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I'm interested in a program of independent study. Send me your free 3-booklet Success Kit: (1) "How to Succeed," 30 pages of valuable job tips; (2) Sample text demonstrating famous ICS method; (3) Catalog for subject checked below...

Name

Mr. (Please print)

Age

Address

City

State

Zip Code

Occupation

Employed by

Working Hours

A.M. to

P.M.

E1499K

ACCOUNTING

- ☐ Accounting (U.S. or Can.)
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ General Accounting
- ☐ Practical Accounting
- ☐ Public Accounting

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES

- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Air Conditioning Maint.
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing & Design
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Carpenter-Building
- ☐ Carpentry & Millwork
- ☐ Heating & Air Conditioning
- ☐ House Planning, Int. Design
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Plumbing & Heating
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration

ART and DESIGN

- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Commercial Cartooning

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- ☐ Stenciling & Painting
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
- ☐ Auto Mechanic-Techn.
- ☐ Diesel-Gas-Motor
- ☐ Vehicle Engines
- ☐ Auto Electrical Techn.
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

BUSINESS

- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Industrial Psychology
- ☐ Managing a Small Store
- ☐ Personnel-Lab. Refs
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Sales Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Traffic Management

BUSINESS: SALES

- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Real Estate Sales
- ☐ Sales & Sales Mgmt.

CHEMICAL

- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Plastics Technician
- ☐ Refining

CIVIL ENGINEERING

- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Highway Eng. Tech.
- ☐ Sewer Plant Operator
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping
- ☐ Water-Works Operator

COLLEGE COURSES

- ☐ American History
- ☐ Calculus
- ☐ Economics

COMPUTERS

- ☐ COBOL Programming
- ☐ Fortran Programming
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Programming the 360
- ☐ Programming the 1401

DRAFTING

- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting

BLUEPRINT READING

- ☐ Design Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic Mechanical
- ☐ Structural

ELECTRICAL

- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Appliances Servicing
- ☐ Elec. Eng. Technician
- ☐ Industrial Elec. Technician
- ☐ Motor Repairman
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ENGINEERING

- ☐ (Bachelor's Degree for Graduate Employment)
- ☐ Chemical
- ☐ Electrical
- ☐ Industrial
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Sanitary
- ☐ Structural

HIGH SCHOOL

- ☐ High School Business
- ☐ High School General

HIGH SCHOOL Math.

- ☐ High School Math.
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory
- ☐ Preparatory Course for U.S. Equivalency Test

MACH. SHOP PRACTICE

- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Maintenance Mechanic
- ☐ Reading Shop Prints
- ☐ Tool & Die Maker
- ☐ Welding, Gas & Elec.

MECHANICAL

- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Aircraft Mechanic
- ☐ Hydraulic, Pneumatic
- ☐ Power
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Refrig. Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design

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Special rates to members

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what you expect from spare-time study.

Here are five reasons why:

1. ICS offers you a wider choice of courses than any other home study school—over 250.
2. There's concrete evidence that ICS training pays off. In a recent survey of two-year graduates, the average annual pay raise was \$500. And at latest count, one out of every 14 company presidents had studied with ICS.
3. You benefit from superior educational facilities: a larger staff of trained instructors; resident industrial training consultants; a \$4,000,000 library of texts and instruction materials; post office on the premises to speed your lessons.
4. You know employers recognize the value of ICS training. ICS has over 7000 training arrangements with business and industry.

5. You enjoy complete confidence that you're getting the most from your study... because you're studying with the oldest and largest correspondence institution. More than 8,000,000 persons have studied with ICS since 1890. People in every walk of life, in every kind of business.

It all adds up to this: When you clip this coupon, you get all the plus factors—made famous by International Correspondence Schools—to help smooth your way to a better paying job. Try us and see. Fill out *this* coupon right now and mail it. It could be a real turning point in your life!

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REAL MEN

DECEMBER 1969
VOLUME 13, NUMBER 8

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Associate Editor

PERCY BETTS

Editorial Assistant

FRANCIS NEWSOM

Art Director

KATHERINE JAMES

Asst. Art Director

PAMELA SANCHEZ

Art Associate

JOHN PARKER

Art Associate

PENNY REED

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MEN IN ACTION

TREASURE OF THE DOUBLE-CROSSING BLONDE... by Thomas DeVinelin
Claire wanted the gold I'd found. And I knew she wouldn't be stopped by a few technicalities, like murder, to get it
page 12

ONE HOUR TO SABOTAGE HITLER'S JOY GIRL EXPRESS by Frank Tucker
The captive girls had been placed secretly aboard a train bound for Nazi vice houses inside Germany. My job was to stop it
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The destroyer hit the mine—and the sea belched with fire, charred bodies and screaming hell
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He was the most hapless outlaw of the wild and wooly west
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The 'let's make love' revolution has unleashed thousands of these young makeout kittens onto the open market
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They pose as maids. However, their best merits are not primarily in making a bed—but being made in it
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ELECTRICITY

EARN as you LEARN— In Your Spare Time at Home



S. T. Christensen
President

This is a "Push Button Age" — everything is becoming automatic — men with Electrical "Know How To" are needed everywhere — and will always be needed.

HERE IS MY OFFER

If you want to increase your income — by having a part or full time business of your own — or a big paying career job in Electricity — I will send you everything you need to get started NOW.

17 BIG TRAINING KITS

Professional trouble shooting electronic equipment — quickly locate electrical problems (shorts, open, power failures, etc.); professional electric repair tools; audio recordings that bring the instructors' voices into your home, making things easy to understand; thousands of exploded views, photographs and drawings showing how parts fit together, how buildings and electrical equipment are wired — charts telling you how to fix things quickly, correctly — ALL ARE SENT TO YOU.

REPAIR ALL APPLIANCES

ATS (Advance Trades School) training is complete training, is easy training, is approved training. You learn how to fix irons, toasters, coffee makers, washing machines, refrigerators, air conditioners, etc. There are over 400 million appliances in use. Over 160 different appliances! ALL eventually need servicing and repair. ATS shows you how to fix all of them!! Hundreds of my students, the country over, in cities and small towns alike, have reported earnings of \$15, \$25, \$50 and even more per week while training. Would you like to do the same?

INDUSTRY NEEDS MEN who can service electric equipment. Top wages are paid to Electrical Maintenance Men, Electric Technicians, Plant Engineers, Electric Construction Men, etc. ATS trains you quickly, trains you well. ATS has no fancy frills, no wasted time. You get practical training, actually do 17 shop projects in your own home. Many ATS graduates hold "key" positions in industry. Start your training NOW.

MOTOR REWINDING homes today have ten, fifteen or more motors. Electric shavers, washing machines, food mixers, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, power tools, to name but a few. Without motors factories could not operate. ATS teaches you to put motors in good repair — you even build your own rewinding and testing equipment as part of your training program. You learn with ATS by working with your hands. You make and keep valuable testing equipment.

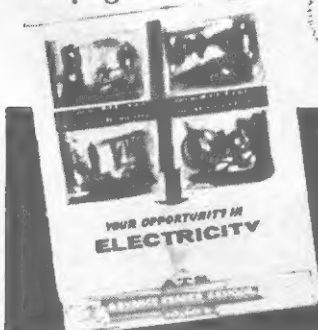
LEARN WIRING You learn how to completely wire or rewire homes, garages, barns and factories — their lighting and power equipment. There are no half ways with ATS training.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

ATS shows you how, gives you the equipment to do it. Your own kitchen table can be where you first "set up shop." ATS men are nationally recognized by wholesale suppliers of parts and materials. We show you how to get repair business, how to charge fair and profitable prices for your work. ATS keeps graduates informed as new appliances, improved electrical techniques develop. It is a regular part of the continuing ATS training program and why ATS training is preferred by so many. You owe it to yourself to investigate the complete ATS Electrical Training Program.

FREE

36 page book



Approved for Veterans under new G. I. Bill.

G. I. Approved for men who served since January 31, 1955 or are now in service.

MAIL COUPON FREE BOOK

No Cost or Obligation

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE REPAIR

Industry Pays Trained Electricians Top Wages

Some of the
Equipment I send
YOU



LET ATS MEN TELL YOU IN THEIR OWN WORDS

"Earning \$50.00 more weekly. Made over \$1,000 while training." O. Harness, St. Charles, Ill.

"Received two promotions — worker to foreman to assistant manager." J. Swanton, Oaklawn, Ill.

"My work piles up and I get behind with my studies." M. Bobo, Sr., Tacoma, Wash.

"I am now maintenance man at a large motel at a much higher salary." J. Martin, Kansas City, Mo.

"2 raises in pay since I started with the State Highway Dept. in electrical maintenance." C. DeHut, Phoenix, Ariz.

"Should have taken your course 20 years ago." A. Knoll, Michigan City, Ind.

"Chief maintenance man now at double my former income besides having a

profitable sideline business." R. DeWitt, McHenry, Ill.

"One job more than paid for the training." E. Hutson, Chicago

Former \$2.30 hour mechanics — "Now Head Maintenance man at Heineman's Bakeries — wages are nearly \$200.00 a week." C. Fontenot, Hales Corner, Wis.

"Not a high school graduate but I find the lessons easy to understand." W. Wolf, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Until my disability I was a tool maker. Your course is a new life to me." W. Haebig, Kenosha, Wis.

"\$1,000 Christmas for my family. Got everything we wanted. Will now return to my studies." D. Behrmann, Two Rivers, Mich.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME—MAIL TODAY

S. T. Christensen, President
Advance Trades School
5944 N. Newark Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60631

E-172

Send me your FREE BOOK "Earnings by Electricity." I want to add to my income.

Name Age

Address

City State Zip

☐ Check here for facts on New G. I. Bill.

SCOREBOARD



COST OF ENTERTAINMENT

Television can be a lot more expensive than you'd think. In London, England, the detectives at Scotland Yard issued a public warning recently, after a survey of some 2500 burglaries committed in a three month span, showed that the bulk of these burglaries had been carried out while the victims were fully awake, at home, and deeply immersed in watching TV. They were completely unaware of anything else.

STILL IN DISTRESS

Government welfare agencies provide plenty of encouragement for free enterprise. In La Folette, Tennessee, for example, severe unemployment forced the Federal government to declare the county a distress area. When Sheriff William Chapman and his men raided several stills in the vicinity, they found that the moonshiners were getting their corn meal for mash, free, from a distribution center of one of the welfare agencies.

WONDERS OF WIDOW-HOOD

Here's a gal who quite obviously believed in direct action. Maryvonne Daniel, a 50-year-old Red Cross worker from the city of Versailles, France, complained to her husband after 27 years of marriage that "other girls have more freedom than I do. They are widows or divorcees." Finding no sympathy, she was promptly arrested and sentenced to eight years in jail, for attempting to attain her own widow-hood by starting a fire while her loving husband was fast asleep.

IT'S A FAIR COMPLAINT

In San Jose, California, Robert A. Evans escaped from jail. But in short order he was recaptured. Brought to court, the judge gave him a stern lecture, informing Evans among other things, that "he was a very disturbed man." Retorted Evans, "You'd be disturbed too, if you were running down the street with people shooting at you!"

VITAL STATISTICS

Port Washington, Wisconsin: Recently, the city government established once and for all, the relative importance of its city employees. It decreed that Asian Flu shots were to be given to all in order of their necessity. The priority: garbage detail, rubbish sweepers, sewage disposal plant workers, Mayor and aldermen--in that order.

THIEVES IN THE NIGHT

A man in Dryden, Michigan, waited a full week before reporting a robbery at his home. His reason for failing to report the crime became apparent when he told the police that the loot was "a 100 pound cement frog with red-glass reflectors for eyes." Seeing the look in the eyes of the police officers, he muttered, "That's what I was afraid of."

TIME'S A'WASTIN'

When a 77-year-old woman in Los Angeles, California, married recently, it was a profound relief to her 102-year-old mother. Remarked mom, "I was getting worried about my daughter. I was afraid she might turn out to be an old maid!" ●

"Sorry, we hire only
high school graduates"



NOW YOU CAN FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

Win a diploma in your spare time... qualify for a better job

DON'T be held back from bigger pay and more opportunity just because you don't have a high school diploma. You can now finish high school at home—during your spare hours—without loss of a single day from your present job.

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Mail coupon for free illustrated booklet

If you are 17 or older and not now in school, send for the free illustrated booklet "How to Finish High School at Home." It contains important and surprising facts about the earnings and success opportunities of high school graduates. It will also give you full details of the Wayne High School Program and the courses it offers you. Mail the coupon now to Wayne, 417 South Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605.



WAYNE SCHOOL

Dept 24-506, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send me your free illustrated booklet "How to Finish High School at Home" which contains full information about high school study and opportunities for high school graduates.

Print Name..... Age.....
Address..... Apt. No.....
City.....
State..... Zip No.....

608



So who needs Tiffany lamp shades and
psychedelic posters? Just ask stunning
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She'll fit in with any style and can
change a cold water flat into a palace!

NUDE TRENDS IN BACHELOR PAD DECOR







NUDE TREND
IN PAGES OF
PAD DECOR



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JAMES M. HARRIS



\$267

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Swiss made with rotating time
bezel tested
130 ft. depth



DIAMONDS One ct.
weight, four diamonds
for \$90.00, guaranteed, including
postage and insurance from 50
year old Belgian firm. Many
shapes and sizes available.



TIGER EYE RING

Genuine sterling
silver mounting

\$185



\$955

VOLKSWAGEN
Good used buys too. One
year old Volkswagen \$1080
two years old 1955 others
low as \$400. Excellent
condition guaranteed.
Choice of colors too.



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ments for scalp,
body and face

\$150

Choice selection
of colors
European prints
newest in
styles.

\$185

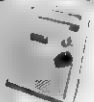


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CASSETTE TAPE OUTFIT

Snap-in loading
Built-in speaker
Models \$7.50 up

\$750



YOU CAN BUY at these prices

YOU CAN BUY ONE AT A TIME

1 sample. One Combination
Lamp Radio \$6.80
Postpaid to you from
sign factory. One full
size Mink Coat \$305
Air Postpaid from Scandinavia
100's more bargains

OR

YOU CAN BUY IN QUANTITY

Prices cut even deeper on
larger orders. Examples:
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quantity. Mink Coat \$278.
Big demand from stores
premium buyers, whole
sellers, friends. Mail Order

Either Way...You Can Buy BELOW WHOLESALE

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY!

HOW CAN I BE SURE?
We are sure... nothing at the level
of \$100,000 sales per year. I am
not a big man, but I am a big
man in the business. I have
been in the business for 10 years
and I am now a successful
businessman.

HOWEVER, I AM NOT A BIG MAN
I am not a big man, but I am a
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big man in the business. I have
been in the business for 10 years
and I am now a successful
businessman.

YOUR POWER SOURCE
Electricity is the most important
thing in the world. It is the most
important thing in the world. It is
the most important thing in the
world. It is the most important
thing in the world. It is the most
important thing in the world.

YOUR BILLS ARE TOO HIGH
I have been in the business for 10
years and I am now a successful
businessman. I have been in the
business for 10 years and I am
now a successful businessman.

YOUR BILLS ARE TOO HIGH
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TREASURE OF THE DOUBLE-CROSSING BLONDE

Blood-thirsty, money-hungry, without
a moral ■ her name - that was Claire.

Personally, I wasn't that concerned
till the day she came gunning for me!

by THOMAS DeVINELIN



OK. I ADMIT IT. I'm a sucker for dames. But then, ■■ guy's got ■ have a weakness, what better way to go to Hell than that. So when I spotted the blonde in the bar in Diego Suarez, I immediately forgot all about business and turned my attention to the more important parts of life. Namely her.

What a girl like that was doing in a waterfront bar on the northern tip of the Malagassy Republic, didn't occur to me. Even if it had squirmed its way into the inner recesses of my brain, I don't think the thought would have bothered me. She was there; I was there. That was plenty good enough for me.

It wasn't difficult to get close to her. I had a feeling that she was becoming just a mite uncomfortable with all those Arab eyes fixed squarely on her over-obvious figure. The fact that I was an American didn't hurt in the least. We got friendly in no time. And from there, you can take it yourself. I don't have to draw you a diagram.

■ wasn't till the next morning that the fly in the ointment appeared. What a fly! Frankly, it should have been heaven in the shape of the rosiest redhead you ever did see. Now ordinarily I'd say that if there's anything I prefer more than blondes, it's redheads. But not this time. For it didn't take more than a couple of minutes observation to notice that my blonde seemed to have more interest in the redhead than she had in me. Understand now, I'm not a prude or a moralist. If a gal wants to lead some peculiar kind of life of her own, that's her business. But somehow, this time seemed to be different. I figured that I'd staked out a claim on the blonde and I wasn't about to give it up that easily. Especially after having sampled some of her delicious capabilities.

■ pitched with everything I knew how, but it didn't seem to make much impression. Claire, the blonde, was turning colder by the second and the redhead, pro-

(Continued on page 14)

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entirely named Mary, had never been exactly warm to begin with. Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that I wasn't going to get anywhere with either dance so long as the other one was around. And all considered, it hadn't been a wasted evening. What more could I ask for? I hadn't been planning to marry the girl!

Actually, I was about to leave Ilango Soares anyway. That's why I'd been down on the waterfront in the first place. I was heading for the Comore Islands, a small chain in the straits, about 200 miles west of Madagascar. It's not a place most people want to go to. There are boats that go there, maybe once every couple of months, so if somebody is heading in that direction at any other time, it's usual to make private arrangements. I'd made mine. A ship heading up to Dar es Salaam had agreed to drop me at my desired location. For a price, of course—definitely for a price.

What was I looking for in the Comores? Money. Lots and lots of nice yellow gold money. I'm a treasure hunter by profession. I'd take a chance on anything, so long as the payoff is big enough. And the one I was after right then was plenty big. Compared to what I'd hit before, everything else was small stuff. And if you call upwards of forty grand small potatoes, it'll give you an idea of what was luring me in. According to the stories I'd heard, this one was in the millions. And even scaling it down to allow for the way rumors grow, there'd be more than enough loot to keep me happy, warm and comfortable for years and years to come.

Nor was I precisely a wild shot in the dark. I had plenty of information to go on; solid, documented information, the kind you find in the British Museum and the French National Archives. Look it up yourself if you want to. There are enough official papers to keep you occupied for weeks.

There's the log of the HMS Falcon, for one thing. There's the report of the governor of Kenya for another. And on the French side there's the complete story of the capture and trial of Ibn Salaudi. As a pirate story it beats Treasure Island all hollow. And this one's all true. Slave-trading, drugs, smuggling, piracy, murder and rape. You name it, he was guilty of it. The British chased him around the Indian Ocean for nearly 18 years before they finally ran him to ground. And even then, he beat them to the punch by sailing into French waters at the very last minute and landing in the Comores. The British couldn't follow him there, but while they stood guard outside the limit, they notified the French, who

promptly joined in the hunt. It took them another three months to run old Salaudi down and bring him in.

THEY GUILLOTINED him, and seven of his crew. But that's all they accomplished. Oh, yes, they found his ship and confiscated that. But no more. Everything he was rumored to have on board had disappeared. And since Ibn Salaudi and his men habitually kept everything they owned on their ship, an awful lot was missing.

Now there haven't been any suddenly wealthy natives on any of the Comores in the last few hundred years. And wherever rich Frenchmen there were, had pretty obvious sources of wealth before they came. In short, the treasure—and there definitely seemed to be an official opinion that there was one—had disappeared completely. Now and then across the years, a few hardy souls had gone searching for it, and had come back empty-handed.

But the way I saw it, I had something extra working for me. First of all, I had experience in treasure hunting. I'd been successful at it before, at least once on a lot flimsier evidence than I had now. Secondly, I was a lucky guy. I've always been lucky when it counted. That's something that you can't explain. But if you've got it, you know it and you can count on it.

Salaudi had had plenty of time to hide his treasure before the French closed in. But he'd been limited in area. Grande Comore Island isn't very big and it's also very, very rugged, rising straight out of the sea to a height of over 7000 feet. He'd been pinned into a rather restricted portion of the island, right from the beginning. Oh, sure, that still covered a lot of territory, but I was betting that given the chance to go over the ground, I could nail it down, right to the inch.

Two days later, when my little ship sailed off from Madagascar, I was beginning to think that maybe I should have hedged some of that bet. Oh, I'll go along with coincidence to some extent, but Claire and Mary, tented down on the afterdeck and what do you know, also perchance heading for Grande Comore Island was more than just an accident. It even occurred to me that my meeting with Claire in that waterfront bar might have been more than just a friendly pickup. Do you know a cuter, more subtle way to finger a guy?

Not that they weren't nice enough. They said "Howdy" like the nicest of neighbors. They opined that the sun was hot and the sea was pretty and suggested that maybe I'd like to join them for some lamb and chutney inside their deli-cat.

If you've got to be with folks you suspect, it's always a good idea to keep them where you can see them, so I took them up on their invitation. Oh, it was charming. We had a ball, if eating lamb and sherbet in a tent on an Arab show is your idea of a hot time in the old town tonight. Friendlier than that we didn't get. And why did Mary have to keep a gun so handy—and so obvious?

We got along splendidly—but distantly for the next twenty hours or so. And then we pulled into the splendid, modern port of Fournhoum (pop. 512). There we gathered our things together and prepared to disembark. The girls made an elaborate point of saying "goodbye" and all that. Where did they think they were going to disappear in a metropolis like that?

We made quite a show after the native customs inspector (with the entire population watching every move) formally inspected us, welcomed us to French territory, and bade us accept the hospitality of the Comores. We sat around in the sunbaked town square for a couple of hours, each waiting for the other to make the first move.

I finally broke the ice by renting space in a magnificently ramshackle hut and disappearing inside just as the sun went down. There I bribed the owner to keep his mouth tightly shut, ate dinner, waited till something after midnight, then slipped out and headed for the back country. After putting about five miles between myself and the village, I slung a hammock in a well concealed wood some 500 yards off the trail, and went to sleep. I was so proud of myself that I almost slept right through the sound of the girl's voices as they struggled through the brush, hot on my trail.

Luckily 500 yards of brush, especially in city-bred girls, is a long, noisy way. I had more than enough time to pull down my hammock and disappear into a thicket before they reached my camping place. But I was curious. I was definitely eavesdropping. Maybe that way I could get some clue as to what they were up to.

THEY WALKED into my campground and stared at it carefully. From their actions, it was easy to see they could read a trail. "He couldn't have left long ago," said Mary. "See, the trees haven't snapped back all the way yet. He had a hammock here. And look at the footprints. They weren't made more than a few minutes ago."

"All right. Relax! We'll catch up on him easily enough. But if you hadn't been so damned jealous, we'd have been right with him, instead of following him," grumbled Claire. What difference would a few more

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ONE HOUR TO SABOTAGE

HITLER'S JOY GIRL

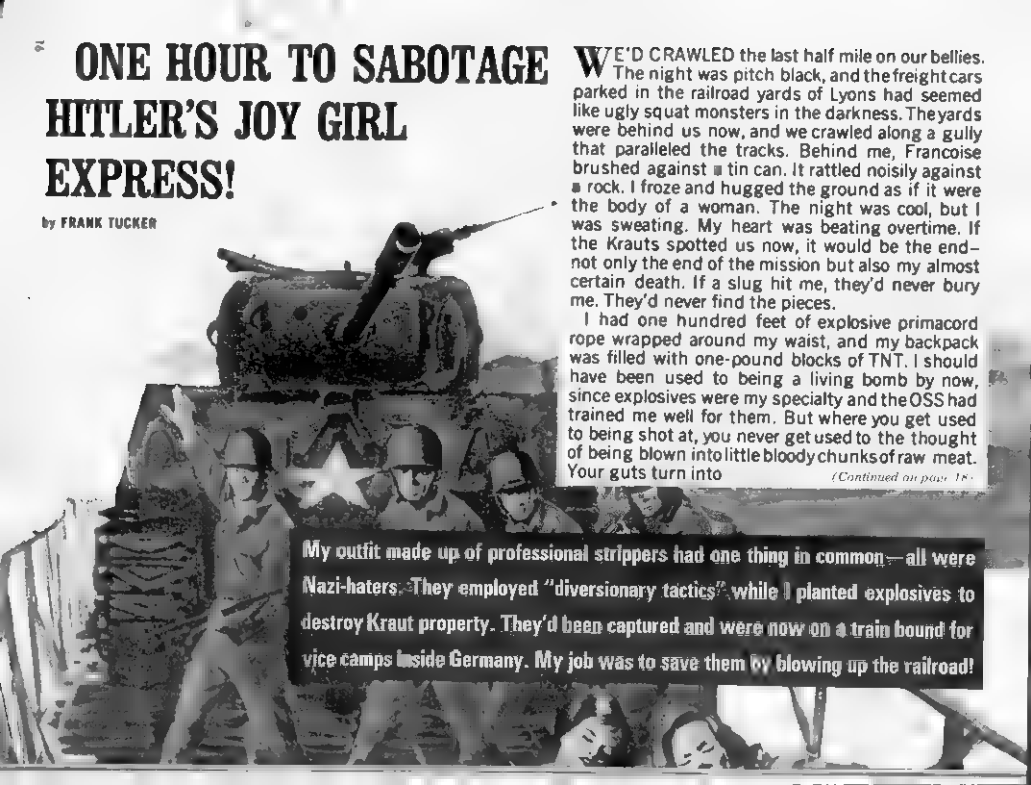
EXPRESS!

by FRANK TUCKER

WE'D CRAWLED the last half mile on our bellies. The night was pitch black, and the freight cars parked in the railroad yards of Lyons had seemed like ugly squat monsters in the darkness. The yards were behind us now, and we crawled along a gully that paralleled the tracks. Behind me, Francoise brushed against a tin can. It rattled noisily against a rock. I froze and hugged the ground as if it were the body of a woman. The night was cool, but I was sweating. My heart was beating overtime. If the Krauts spotted us now, it would be the end—not only the end of the mission but also my almost certain death. If a slug hit me, they'd never bury me. They'd never find the pieces.

I had one hundred feet of explosive primacord rope wrapped around my waist, and my backpack was filled with one-pound blocks of TNT. I should have been used to being a living bomb by now, since explosives were my specialty and the OSS had trained me well for them. But where you get used to being shot at, you never get used to the thought of being blown into little bloody chunks of raw meat. Your guts turn into

(Continued on page 18)



My outfit made up of professional strippers had one thing in common—all were Nazi-haters. They employed "diversionary tactics" while I planted explosives to destroy Kraut property. They'd been captured and were now on a train bound for vice camps inside Germany. My job was to save them by blowing up the railroad!





Victim (above) of German torture drops dead minutes after release from a work camp. Such sights were far from unusual. Below: The girls were to be brought via railway to the camp. My only prayer was that I had enough time to plant dynamite caps and run for cover before they exploded.

a bucketful of mushy gravel. Your mouth dries out, and you sweat ice. And that's exactly how I felt as I lay there on my belly when Francoise caused the racket with the tin can. Francoise was a swell girl and it hadn't really been her fault, but I couldn't help cursing her silently. Heavy German hobnailed boots crunched through the darkness about 50 yards away. The steps came closer. If the sonofabitch spotted us...

Slowly I pulled the Marlin sub-machinegun off my shoulder. Might as well go down fighting. I could hear Francoise's tortured, panicked breathing behind me. Her shoulder touched my right leg and I sensed that she was turning over on her back so that she could fire at the Nazi if it became necessary.

I strained my ears. The Nazi railway guard had stopped. He was probably listening, wondering if something funny was going on. It was little consolation to think that he was probably as scared as we were. From far away came the sound of a locomotive hissing steam. Then I could hear the couplings strike. Sounds carry in a lonely night. I glanced down at the radium dial on my wrist watch. We couldn't wait much longer. The train was expected around 3 a.m. It was now almost

2. It would take twenty minutes to set the charges on the rails. If the Nazi didn't give up and go away, we'd never have the time to do the job.

But we had to do it. All my girls were on that train. The only way to get them out of the clutches of the Nazi SS torturers was to help them escape in the confusion of the rail wreck after I blew the tracks. I didn't have time to set the charges, the train would pass here, and the girls would be lost—bound for the joy houses of the sadistic storm troopers in Germany.

OF COURSE, the Germans could have shot the girls right after their capture, and they would have been within their legal rights to do so, for the girls were saboteurs, guerrillas and killers. But the Germans were lechers, and they knew good female merchandise when they saw it. And my girls were just that. Sexy as hell. That's why they had been picked for the job.

For almost a year and a half they had been raising holy hell with German occupation troops in France. They would let themselves be "persuaded" to visit a Nazi headquarters for a night of fun, and while they kept the Kraut officers busy and happy, I would work undisturbed setting my explosives, and then, when I was done, we'd kill off all eye witnesses who could tell afterwards what had happened, and then I'd blow up the joint and make for the woods with my girls. Rocket launching sites, radar stations, anti-aircraft batteries and military radio relay points were



our favorite targets. But that's not how it went the last time. Everything, suddenly, went to hell in a bucket.

Helene and Denise, the most attractive of my eleven girls, had gotten jobs in a low-down joint in Lyons which, we knew, was often visited by officers from the local SS-Gestapo headquarters. What made this headquarters special was that it housed a printing plant in which the Germans printed phony ten-dollar and five-dollar bills with which they were hoping to create confusion and inflation back home in the States.

It was on our second night at the Cabaret Cornet when three officers from the SS headquarters showed up. For a while they looked bored, inspecting the local merchandise of worn-out collaborationist prostitutes, but their interest perked up quickly enough when the lights dimmed and Helene and Denise started their act.

Helene and Denise came out in tight, low-cut dresses and announced that this was a contest—that the audience should decide which of them they liked better. In turn, they started to peel out of their scanty dresses. To start with, Helen got the bigger hand for when her dress came off, she swayed seductively in a lacy little panty-skirt and a black bra that was too tight and hardly covered anything at all—and there was a lot to cover—her long legs sheathed in smooth black stockings, pinched to her white thighs by red garters. Denise, on the other hand, looked more demure in a white slip. But when Denise's slip came off, she wore nothing but a G-string, and the contest was about even. The girls glowered at each other during the applause, and suddenly attacked each other. Helene ripped off Denise's G-string, and Denise pulled off Helene's bra and panties. Then they wrestled, and Denise finally won, pinning Helene to the floor, her long, stockinged legs flailing in the air while her nude body heaved under Denise. The German officers were sweating with enthusiasm and clapping loudly.

When the girls had their clothes back on, the Nazis asked them over to the table and inquired if they could not round up a group of equally talented and attractive friends for a visit to their headquarters the next evening. Denise said she would have to talk to their manager and called me over I amiled ingratiatingly when I stepped up to the table. The Germans did not ask me to sit down.

"We want to order a show," one of them said. "I understand that you can provide about a dozen girls." I nodded. "First-class girls," I said. "They know all the tricks. But they are expensive."

The German officer waved his

hand. "The price does not matter if the quality is right." He motioned for me to bend down to him. "I can pay you in dollars," he whispered. "I bet you'd like that, you French slut."

"Dollars, francs or marks," I said, grinning inwardly, for now I knew these were the people we were after. "Money is all the same to me so long as it's money."

"Tomorrow night, then," the officer said, and he gave the address of the printing plant headquarters.

"I shall need a dressing room," I said. "The girls must put clothes on so they can take them off."

The Nazi grinned. "All the details will be taken care of," he said.

I COULDN'T have asked for a more convenient dressing room. When I arrived the next night with my girls and the costume trunks—they had false bottoms full of TNT and other explosive paraphernalia—the room assigned was between a banquet hall where the show and subsequent orgy was to take place, and the big hall where the press were. It was easy to pry the lock while the girls took their turns stripping for the SS bastards, and by the time the show was half through, I was busy laying my charges on the engraved plates for the phony U.S. money.

I'd had a glimpse of two of the girls dancing on a table through the banquet hall door when I returned to the trunks for the percussion caps and fuses, and I saw that around the table the girls who had finished their turns were sitting on the laps of the officers and cuddling up to them. Only Francoise and a little blonde by the name of Madeleine were still waiting their turns, standing inside the door, their nude, curvaceous bodies covered with silver powder, the tips of their remarkable breasts covered with sequined red stars and their pretty feet in spike-heeled shoes. Their dual dance was to be the finale of the formal part of the show, and the trick was that they would come on, each carrying a purse, and out of these purses there suddenly would materialize short-barreled automatic pistols.

But it never came to that. For just as I turned to go back into the press room, a huge figure suddenly filled the door.

An SS officer stood in the frame, a gun leveled at me in his hand. He must have entered the press room from the other side and seen my handwork. There was nothing else I could do. I threw myself at him, hoping to twist the pistol out of his grasp before he could fire.

The edge of my left hand slammed into the side of his neck and my right

hand clamped around his gun in a grip designed to demobilize the muscles of his trigger finger. At the same moment my knee slammed into his groin. The Nazi grunted and his legs sagged under him, but my grip on his gun hand hadn't been strong enough, and the pistol went off in the room with a roar.

There was a yelp behind me. Instinctively I turned, only to see a blood-spurting wound gushing open between Madeleine's breasts. Francoise's hand was already in her little bag, extracting her automatic pistol.

I heard a German voice from the banquet hall cutting through the music: "Sit still, everybody. Hands up, girls!" And at that moment, bullets began hammering through the door.

Francoise threw herself on the floor, opened the door a crack and began firing.

"I got one," she yelled. "Never mind," I screamed. "Let's get out of here!" I knew there was nothing we could do. We were outnumbered. At best, I might be able to set off the charges. We'd worry about the girls later. It wasn't nice, but it was war.

I ripped the panic off the unconscious German officer and threw it to Francoise. She fired twice more, each a burst of three shots. Then she rared after me into the press room. I blacked the door, quickly stuck a percussion cap into a heap of plastic explosives and pulled the 10-second fuse. As we ran out of the door on the other side of the press room, I already heard heavy steps behind us. Guns at ready, we raced down a rear stairway. And then, above and behind us, the blast went off with a deafening roar.

We got out of the building, all right, after gunning down a guard at the foot of the stairs who looked at us in scared surprise when the blast went off upstairs. We dashed through dark back streets and made for our secret hideout in a small shack outside of town.

A couple of days later, Francoise made a scouting trip into Lyons and came back with the information that the girls were being shipped to Germany that night to be used in the pleasure houses of the SS. While she was gone, I had decided that I had to do everything in my power to save the girls. They had worked with me, taken their chances along with me, and it was only because I hadn't fought the German officer properly and disarmed him before he could shoot that the show had ended up in their capture. I had to try and save them, no matter what the cost, and the fact that they were to be on the night train to Germany at least provided the opportunity. Francoise agreed with me. There were only two

(Continued on page 18)

EXPERIENCED MALES: Overheated Teen-age Nymphs Are Looking For You!

We're in a revolution, man! The 'let's make love and we'll get around to introductions following the orgy' type. Part and parcel of it is the young, cuddly sex kittens prowling for mature men. With these charmers, it's the education you can give them that they're after!

there! With all that meat on display, I'm cookin' like a barbeque pit."

"Easy there, easy, chum," Mr. B. replies. "I know just how you feel. Whaddaya say we go over to Mindy's and work off some steam?"

Mr. A laughs. "Pal, I'm right with you."

Somewhere in the darkened background of the parking lot, a series of tittering, girlish squeaks begin to sound. The two men stop, dead still, peer into the blackness, attempting to find the source of the laughter.

"Right this way, suckers," a young, distinctly feminine voice calls.

As the men come closer, two girls step out from between some cars. Even in the darkness, the men can see that they are young, very young, and well stacked.

"Suckers!" one of the girls repeats. "What the hell you wasting your money for?"

"What's it to you?" Mr. A asks. "You in business?"

"Business? Hell, no," the girl spits viciously against the side of a crimson Caddie.

"We're out for kicks, brother," puts in little miss number two. "Strictly for kicks. You good at placing field goals?"

"How much?" Mr. B is brutally specific.

"I told you, we're for kicks. You make us happy and it won't cost you a cent. Whattaya say? Think you can keep up with us, grandpaw?"

The two men shrug. Taking the girls by the arm, they lead them over to their own car, and drive away. Somewhere up in the Hollywood Hills, they give the girls an opportunity to put up or shut up.

That was one side of the country. How about the other?

Honey Graham, which isn't her real name, is a call girl doing business in one of the smokier regions of downtown Pittsburgh. The middle class hotels are there, at the fringe of the financial district which also houses



by EDGAR BEVANS

THE PLACE: Los Angeles—somewhere along the Sunset Strip. The hour: between 10 PM and midnight. The characters: two sports, out for an evening on the town, and loaded with the wherewithal to pay for it.

The two men, obviously good friends, have just left one of the gaudier stripatoriums, and are headed for their car.

"Wow," says Mr. A, exhaling slowly with a slight whistle, "didja get a look at that butcher shop back

(Continued on page 54)







STACKED DECK

Oklahoma-born Joan Zinn would be an ornament in anyone's talent show. Her talent? Doing card tricks for friends. Joan, we were wondering. Just how good are you at poker?









STACKED DECK



Sultry Joan tears herself away from her hobby long enough to do a bit of modeling during her spare time. She stands 5'6 and tapes to 37-24-36"!













"OUR SHIP HAS BEEN BLOWN TO BITS-- EVERYBODY'S DYING! EVERYBODY'S DEAD!"

by WAYNE COLE

OBJECT ON THE STARBOARD BOW! Looks like a Nip mine!"

The alarm from the wingtip of the destroyer *HMAS Tromp* grated through the silence of an otherwise quiet morning in the slick and glassy Indian Ocean. It was 0730; the watch had been called. The sleepy, rough-cut tin sailors were having their coffee when the whodping of the siren splintered their reverie. Only six groggy officers and men were standing by in the bridge when the lookout screamed his warning too late.

Suddenly the slick calm of the hot dawn exploded

in a monumental pall of showering flame and smoke. The steel bow heaved up and bent back like a folded envelope as searing flame shot upwards to the ordnance. The bullhorn squawked once, "Minefield dead ahead!" and then died in the ensuing calamity. Bodies were thrown around like bloody rag dolls. In the holocaust billows of acrid black smoke filled the radio shack.

On watch there, I was having a cup of hot-black coffee while taking down the morning press sked. The first serum of the lookout wafted into the shack as a distant and unreal yowl. Unintelligible. Over the noise of the transmitters, there was that moment of shouting and wild steering as the ship to avoid, but

could sink in minutes

The hull started under me as my way to escape. I knew the tin can wouldn't stay afloat much longer. If I were to save myself, I'd have to act fast. Then it hit me—maybe I was the only survivor!



her end was inevitable. And when the first explosion came that was it. The force of the mine blasting the destroyer's hull was like a sledge blow on a percussion cap. Flung headlong against a radio set, I was vaguely conscious of blood rolling down my face and my teeth juggling like dice in a bloody cup. The key was set on my desk and the detonation did not somehow unhinge it and I thought of it then as I lay in the alleyway: there were two merchantmen behind us about a mile. My mind spun feverishly to the warning of the minefield, but cold logic prevailed from my throbbing head at the last second.

My first instinct was to quit these ships, but then I realized I wasn't to break. *(Continued on page 28)*



Some of the recovered bottles (above) were burned beyond recognition. The luckier crew members huddled in life boats and were rescued later that day.



radio silence unless so ordered by the captain.

The first thing that came into my mind was the Old Man, and I picked myself up off the canting deck and lurched through the CIC to the bridge ladder. A figure bounced down the twisted steel ladder of the bridge as if somebody had put the boot to him. I looked up and saw the bloody face of the Exec at the top rung.

"Lord! Grab the Captain, I think he's done for, Cole!"

He disappeared as I reached for the body. Just about that time water started pouring through the lower bridge station and plotting room, and somewhere above the voice of the Exec was saying over the intercom:

"Abandon ship! Abandon ship! This bucket's goin' down!"

I lurched around to the radio shack to grab a handful of Confidential papers and our codes. If the ship was going down I was supposed to burn these, and I started to when the

sea began flooding the broken destroyer. I knew then she was going down, and that I'd stayed behind too long. It came in a rush, just one big wave that dragged HMAS Tromp to the bottom.

There was the hissing sound of steam escaping somewhere below and men screaming, and vaguely I wondered if the Boatswain had set the depth charges on safety.

IT WAS THE MORNING of April 7, 1944, and we were two days

out of the Cingalese port of Colombo. We were a three-ship convoy sailing southwest to the Seychelles Islands which still were in British hands despite the fact that Japan had a stranglehold on the east. Three ships, and not a ghost of getting through. The waters of the Indian Ocean were infested with Jap-I-boats, big submarines looking for slow convoys. Nobody thought of the possibility of enemy mines in the open sea, and least of all us, the screening ship.

HMAS Tromp was a short hulled destroyer—shorter by 50 feet than the average tin-can, but with essentially the same armament. I'd been with her since before commissioning; in Perth Shipyards where she was born and grew up in a rush in less than nine months. There were 287 men aboard, nine of them officers. The radio shack on the destroyer was located directly below the battle bridge and aft of the captain's cabin. My rating corresponded roughly to an RM 1/c in the US Navy, but in the Australian sea arm a man had to put in his years for a rating.

The CO of the *Tromp* was Lt. Comdr. Paul McCandless, a reservist who, although a civilian yachtsman before, was very well liked by the regular navy men and the crew as a whole. After commissioning and before our shakedown, there were those idle moments when between the try at perfection and the ultimate attainment of whatever we'd become, the Old Man actually exhibited his human side.

"Men," he said in one of his extra-curricular speeches, "you've worked hard and given this ship a fighting soul. We have three whole days off. Use them to best advantage. If anybody should find himself in trouble with the law, don't hesitate to call on me for assistance!"

He'd meant it. Every word.

Commanding Officers had a way of trusting to luck that there would be no acid test of their loyalty to the crew, but not our guy. We must have grown on him, the way he grew on us. The night of the little speech a bunch of us were having a few brews in a pub when one of the Torpedomen from another destroyer said a few choice (and derogatory) words about the *Tromp*. A small war of fists broke out.

In the fracas which followed a few skulls were dented, a few arms broken, and there were fractures and shiners galore. The upshot was that both crews landed in the old maw staring at iron bars. But before dawn the bars were unlocked. There stood McCandless the Yachtsman—freedom. He promised the authorities to restrict the whole ship, yet once

we were out of their jurisdiction promptly forgot the promise. From that moment on, McCandless rated as a fine human being and a man to be respected by the crew of *HMAS Tromp*. If he said have a good time, but no fighting, every man went out of his way to avoid trouble. In short, he was a gentleman.

Nobody abused his kindnesses.

The shakedown of the *HMAS Tromp* was not really a shakedown, but more an exercise in killing submarines. She was hardly trimmed down for sea when I-305, a big fleet-type Japanese sub popped up off Perth and began sinking merchant ships at the rate of six a week. All surface craft were ordered out to hunt the submersible, and somehow the admiral got his orders turned around and the *Tromp* was included.

The ship was so raw that even if she got a sonar contact, there wasn't the slightest chance in hell of making an effective depth charge attack. And that, in substance, was what happened when scouting offshore she rang up her first "Action Stations!" The I-305 got away only to sink another tanker before veteran cutter *HMAS Agiris* finally stopped her.

BUT IN THE ATTEMPT she ceased being a novice, and the crew and officers were so chagrined by their failure that these blundering, all-thumbs tactics never again were repeated.

"Men, we're going to war," the Captain announced one early morning at muster. "Our job is to shepherd two special-mission freighters across the Indian Ocean and to deliver them to a secret base. No margin for error this time. We've got to get them there . . . in any event, *they've* got to get there, no matter what."

That was the beginning of the end. *HMAS Tromp*, under cover of nightfall, raced across to a harbor within patrol range of the Japs, and literally under their noses, sneaked out with the two merchantmen. Their cargo was ammunition. It hadn't occurred to any of the crew to ask for transfers, but when the big red Baker flags, signifying ammunition, appeared at the foretruck of these ships one morning at sea, a mounting tension gripped the convoy.

Then, for six days, our luck held constant. The destroyer had miraculously accomplished at least a part of her mission, had avoided enemy surface craft, planes equipped with radar, submarines and long range land-based bombers, and was well on her way across the big Indian when disaster struck. In one moment, all her dreams were dashed . . .

"Minefield dead ahead!"

Suddenly the whole ship seemed to heave up on its beam ends, and

a tongue of flame higher than the main mast seared out across the bow. The steel bow, turrets and all, bent back like a folded envelope as searing flame shot upward to the crow's nest. The bullhorn squawked once: "Minefield!" and then died in the ensuing calamity.

In the radio shack, I was taking down the morning press sked and having a cup of coffee. The explosion heaved me butt over tear kettles against a transmitter. Somewhere a man bellowed:

"Close the watertight doors before it's too late!"

But even then it was too late. Blood flowed down my scalp and shoulder in rivulets as I picked myself up, reaching for the packet of Confidential papers and Secret Codes that are a part of every radio shack. The cubby hole beneath the bridge was a mess, with water seeping in and transmitters and tubes all over the deck. Topsides, I could hear the frantic shouting of men who were witness to the havoc in the aftermath of smacking the mine. We had hit the damned thing in mid-ocean! Thoughts of saving the ship raced through my mind as I staggered out of the radio shack toward the watertight door. A man tumbled down the bridge ladder, and somebody bellowed:

"Grab the Old Man! He's hurt bad—"

The old man was hurt worse than that—he was dead. Water rushed through the flooding forward compartment as three sailors desperately attempted to close the door. The bloody face of the Exec appeared above the compartment, squinting for a moment at the rag-doll of the Captain in death.

"We hit a mine!" he exploded. "Close that goddam watertight door!"

BUT BY THEN THE WATER was rushing in too fast, and the ship developed a forward bow list. Down at the end where she had dipped. Flames were rushing along the bridge, chewing up the catwalks where the watch standers had been posted. Everything happened at once, and disastrously.

Abruptly the transmitter flipped off its hinges and slammed me in the back just as I was moving forward to grab a piece of the watertight door. All hell broke loose. Overhead the claxon bawled: "Abandon Ship! Abandon Ship!" and men began scampering up the steel ladder that was twisted like a pretzel from the heat of the explosion. A naked, charred figure blocked the ladder writhing in the death throes, and I sickly, vaguely recognized the body as that of the Executive Officer.

(Continued on page 36)

"YOU SEX MY WIFE--I'LL SEX YOUR WIFE!"

by FRANK K...

PAUL AND MARY were our cousins. They were a lovely couple—good, kind people. They were givers rather than takers—a pretty rare quality in this world of ours. Mary was a very beautiful girl, tall, dark-haired, white-skinned; and she had a figure to match, too, round and fully developed in all the right places. And yet, in spite of her beauty, she was completely unaffected as a person, a little shy even. Her husband, Paul—he was my first cousin—may not have been as handsome a male as his wife was as a female, but ■ was a haluva guy in his own right, a tall, laughing, good-hearted guy who would give you the shirt off his back. And ■ was just about the greatest natural athlete I've ever seen all my life. Whatever sport ■ turned his hand to, the guy was a champ.

Paul and Mary had been living in their new house about a month when my wife, Jean, and I went to visit them. It was the first visit we had paid ■ them in their new domicile because for the last couple of months I had been badly tied ■ in my work.

Their house was in a solidly middle class suburban neighborhood. The surrounding homes were nice, the lawns were sleek and well-kept. You know the sort of neighborhood I mean.

Right from the first I sensed something wrong between Paul and Mary. There was an air of tension, of uneasiness between them. In fact, Mary's face wore an expression of grimness, a look I had never seen ■ her sweet face before.

Paul came out with what it was ■ about while we were having drinks in their living room.

"You know," he said, "we had quite an experience when we moved into this house. We found out we moved into a wife-swapping neighborhood."

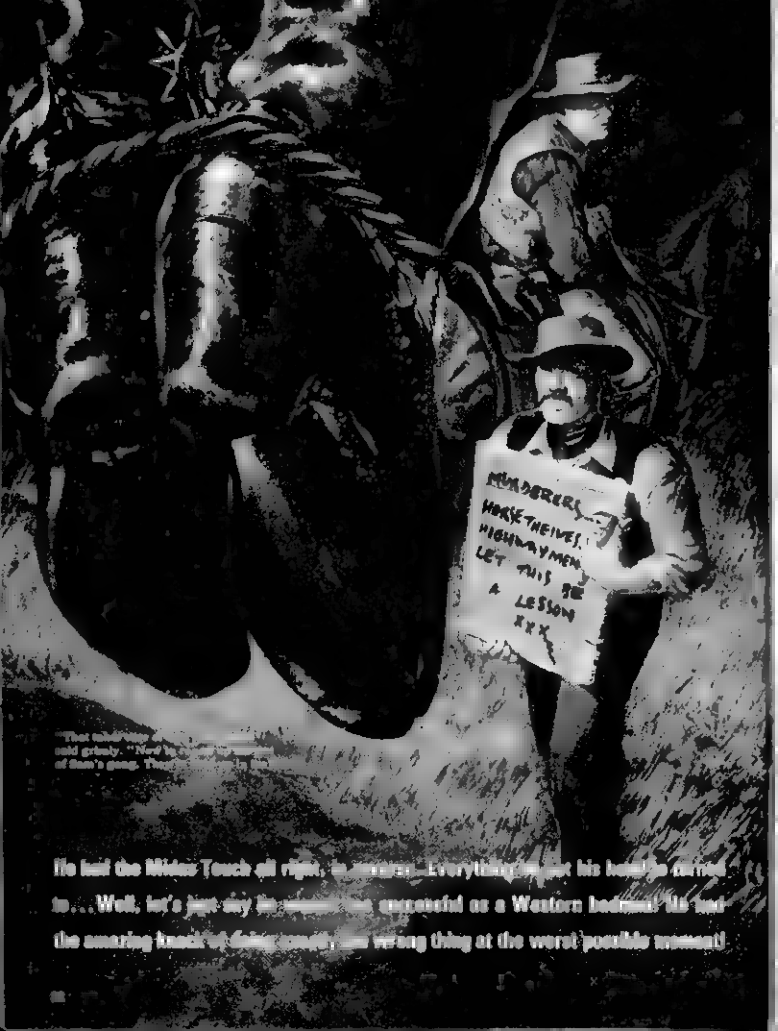
"And he's not kidding, either," said Mary, her ■ suddenly grimmer than ever.

Paul then went on ■ tell us about what had happened. About two weeks after they had moved into their new house, they had attended a neighborhood party. It had seemed ■ be just an ordinary cocktail party. But suddenly, around eleven o'clock, the temper ■ the party completely changed. A sexual orgy had abruptly commenced, with the men and women stripping off their clothes and

(Continued on page 40)

Musical beds is out! The latest 'in' fad now-a-days ■ sleeping with the mates of very close friends. Swingers say it's even wilder than an orgy!





"That kid was a real piece of work," said gruffly. "Now he's the son of a gun of Sam's gang. They're all in here."

He had the Midas Touch all right, in a way. Everything that his hand touched turned to... Well, let's just say he wasn't as successful as a Western badman. He had the amazing knack of doing exactly the wrong thing at the worst possible moment!

They advertise in the want ads soliciting jobs as maids or as household help. But their best merits are not primarily in making a bed—they prefer to be made in it.



VICE DOLLS WHO RENT OUT THEIR

by BILL ORR





THE SWEET INTO THE APARTMENT

Tall, sultry brunette about 30. Over an arm was draped an honest-to-john mink stole. She waltzed around the pad until spotting the bedroom and moved in. She glided to the kingsize Hollywood, pushed it down as if testing it and then wandered back out to the living room. She opened the eye decaper on the bar and flopped into an easy chair, finally lighting a cigarette and announcing:

"The name's Ginger, baby. I'm the new maid." Reaction: the guy was plain flabbergasted. He took a good hard look at the full, firm body under the clinging black dress, smiled and poured himself a stiff jolt. He started to explain how the pad wasn't a big place, and said maybe the agency had the wrong man. Ginger laughed softly, abruptly stood up and walked into the bedroom. "Curious to say the least, the guy followed."

"Honey," Ginger said, "I can do this apartment in nothing flat. Let me change my clothes." Whereupon, the brunette gave one of those classic twists and the dress, apparently made for a stripper, tumbled in a heap to the floor. Then the brunette stared softly at her bug-eyed pigeon and her stretched out arms. The guy rushed her, kissing her deep and pushing her back onto the bed all in one movement. Ginger didn't speak for a few minutes as the guy undressed. She lay back on the pillow and just looked at him. Then her voice took on a hardened note, the appealing but brassy firmness of the professional.

"That'll be \$20 for the hour, darling. Or \$200 for the night. Suit yourself."

"Sure," he grinned. "I'm suitin' myself just fine. I'll buy your night—"

"Before I leave," she smiled seductively, "let me give you the name of a woman who'll clean up this joint."

So it went.

(Continued on page 40)

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Please allow one or two months and my package will be shipped.

"EVERYBODY'S DEAD!"

(Continued from page 29)

The rush to the bridge began, men frenziedly tearing at one another in trying to gain the ladder. One of them trampled the broken body of the Exec, and to him I screamed:

"Get me out of here! I'm pinned under the transmitter!"

"Get yourself out!" the man snarled, fighting his way to freedom.

By now the sea started pouring into the broken hull of the destroyer in earnest. I heard somebody yell that he was going aft to put the depth charges on safe, and other men yelling in confused shrieks, but there was no move made to detach the monstrous weight from my body. I squirmed frantically, trying to edge to the sweating hull of the dying vessel, but the thing that lay across my hide was 400 pounds in weight and moving it took every ounce of strength.

There was a rending noise followed by a sickening snap! as a chunk of the ship forward of the bridge caved in and then dropped into the sea. My mind spun frantically to the moment when the two other ships in the van would hit the advance area. Were there any other mines floating around? I didn't wait long for the answer: suddenly a monumental blast scared the day and the forward hull of the *Tromp* seemed to shiver convulsively as waves from one of the other vessels engulfed her. Endless tons of sea poured down her bridge.

Sea water founted up around my pinioned body—freeing me!

Groggily, I slithered out from under the transmitter and lurched for the bridge ladder. This compartment was entirely masked in pungent black smoke. The bodies of the port wingtip watch-two—were grouped in the door, blocking it. The helmsman was dead, lashed to the wheel, his face and hands burned to a crisp. The body of one of the bridge officers, Lt. Jones, the OOD, was split down the middle as though a cleaver had been used by some monstrous, gargantuan figure. He smiled grotesquely in death.

The ship was almost to the water and going fast, and in the water men were striking out furiously, trying to avoid the pull and suction. I flung myself into the sea and swam furiously for some yards. Then, grabbing a piece of driftwood, hauled myself up and sucked in great gulps of air. I was black with oil. The shirt I'd worn was in shreds, and my pants had disappeared. All around me men were doing the same, hauling themselves up and sitting there staring incredulously at the destroyer and the remains of the merchantman. The remaining mer-

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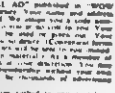
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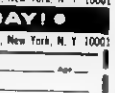
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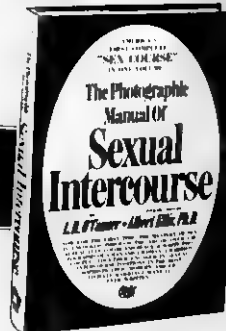
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wants to drink at such a time anyway? Let's get this thing underway."

Paul rose like a light. "Good by me," he said. "Mary—you take Frank to the bedroom. Jean—you and I will go to the study. Remember—we've got ten minutes. After that, we report back here."

I couldn't even wait for Mary and me to get to the bedroom. I was already rubbing my lips over her cheeks, over her pearly-white neck as we walked up the stairs. As soon as Mary closed the bedroom door I took her in my arms and sent my mouth crunching down on hers. Wow! What a kiss that was! And she gave, too. Her mouth got all warm. And she gave out with a moaning sound.

The first minutes of our necking spree were a sheer, unadulterated delight. The last five minutes were a torture. After all, I wasn't a college kid any more. This moment called for more than just necking.

At the end of ten minutes, the four of us met again in the living room.

"Well, what's it to be?" asked Paul. "Do we continue?"

"Yes," I said.

"Yes," Jean said.

"Yes," Mary said.

The four of us separated again. I was in a fever of excitement as Mary and I returned to the bedroom.

I MADE IT OUT OF MY CLOTHES in nothing flat. Mary, dropping all pretense at shyness, came out of her blouse and skirt. Then off came her bra. Her breasts pushed out, big and round, rose-white in color. Then off came her panties, revealing luscious and amply fleshed buttocks. I went toward her gasping. This wasn't a woman.

This was a feast!

Mary made no attempt to avoid my wild rush. She met me midway. My arms swept around her. Her arms encircled my back. Our lips met in a passionate encounter.

The rest was ecstasy. Utter ecstasy. Not since the early months of my marriage had I known such joy. It was as if I were engulfed in bliss. And Mary felt everything I was feeling. I could tell it by her moaning, by her gasping.

We stayed in the bedroom an hour, then went down to the living room. A minute or so later, Paul and Jean appeared. There was a gleam in Jean's eye and a zip to her walk. She looked marvelous. I told her so. She returned the compliment. Then, her eyes narrowed, she asked me:

"How do you feel after what I've done? Has it affected your feelings toward me?"

Not a bit, I assured her. Paul and Mary, in turn, admitted the experience had not altered their relation-

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mountains were, they'd still been climbed plenty of times by both adventurers and explorers—to say nothing of treasure hunters of the past.


I WAS TRYING to think like a pirate. If it wasn't in the mountains, it would have to be in one of the valley slopes. And the hiding place would necessitate certain extra requirements. For I was certain Ibn Salaudi meant to recover it. That's not easy in tropical jungle country. So there had to be easily identifiable landmarks. At least one such landmark had to be an easily distinguishable mountain peak. That could definitely be counted on to remain constant. Secondly, I was guessing that the valley itself would have to be sufficiently individualistic that even a stranger to the land would find it recognizable. To be buried easily, it would have to be in damp, soft country, rather than the rocky hillsides. And, there should be a deep-running stream so that the treasure could be both boated in and boated out. I doubted that pirates habitually carried anything they could float. Lastly, the burial place had to be marked by at least one other landmark, probably visible on one of the sides. This would allow for a cross reference. The latter could be another mountain, a stream fork, a waterfall or perhaps some startlingly shaped gully. But there had to be something. Where line of sight from the two marks met would be the burial place. All I had to do now, was find it.

The major problem was time. I had counted on being able to explore slowly and carefully, without two hellions on my trail. Well, it couldn't be helped. I'd shaken them for the time being. I only hoped they'd stay shaken.

All in all, the way I figured it, I had a sixty square mile area to cover, probably a bit less. Salaudi had been quickly hemmed into an area fronting for six miles along the coast and running back perhaps ten at the most to the crest of the island's backbone ridge. But I seriously doubted if the pirate ever really got too high. It would be against a seafaring man's nature. Still, I'd have to check.

The first part of my search was fairly simple. Grande Comore is not an island with any real rivers. It's too small for that. There are some streams, small ones, that drain the high slopes. In dry season, they're empty watercourses, but during the rains they can get pretty rugged at times.

My six mile frontage was nicely divided by ridges into three main outlet valleys. There was a fourth



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on the edge of the area as well, but after checking this one first, I concluded it had none of the elements needed. It was too rocky, for one thing, and it moved quickly into a deep gorge for another. Even Salaudi would have recognized that once inside the canyon walls, he could be penned in and trapped by one or two riflemen standing on the entrance cliffs. No, the pirate would never enter such a cul-de-sac.

The second river—I have to call it that—ran through the right kind of terrain, but the landmarks around it were totally indistinctive. The ridge behind it had no particularly memorable peaks or notches, and the jungle around it was rather heavy and unbroken. It would be easy to dig and easy to hide in the vicinity, but I don't think the pirate could have ever recovered anything buried near it.

The third stream—it was a dry bed as I went along it—had everything the second one lacked. The ridge behind it broke into two sharp peaks and the saddle between them was so deep cut that one almost felt that the river must flow right through it. It didn't, of course, but from anywhere on the stream the notch was always visible. It made a remarkable point of reference. About three miles up the stream there was a large, flat area, where for

perhaps a couple of hundred yards, the stream fanned out into a large pool, overflowing the ground so that it was practically a semi-swamp. Even in the dry season it was damp. During the rainy season, and I knew that Salaudi had been there during the rains—it would have been almost impassable. I detoured along the western border of this area in both directions, north and south of the main bed to examine it.

And that's when the obvious practically hit me in the face. At one point—and only one—the notch disappeared. The forward mountain appeared. The forward mountain of the cut seemed to pass right in front of the second—though larger—summit and for one brief moment, it looked as though there were only a single peak. A few feet further, and the rear peak reappeared over the past ridge of the forward mountain. A few feet to the other side two peaks were clearly visible. I couldn't wove forward. The wet area of the swamp prevented it. And when I stepped back, the taller peak on the right rear, immediately poked up over the nearer summit.

That was it. I had to be. The pirates couldn't miss the spot. Anyone knowing what to look for would be faced with an area less than six feet in either direction. He simply couldn't fail to find the buried loot

if he could only dig.

It had taken me only three days of exploring to get this far—much less than I had originally estimated. I was practically jumping with glee. I took the surplus GI entrenching tool out of my pack and set to work. Thirty-six square feet is a lot of ground to cover, but it's still better than sixty square miles. It took better than four years of sweat and strain and then I hit it.

THE BOX WAS OLD and almost trotted away. My shovel practically ripped right through the wood. Even in the dim jungle light, I could see the glint of gold. I picked up a piece. It was coin. I could recognize that immediately. I looked into the hole. It was loaded with the stuff. Bright, yellow gold gleaming at me like a miniature Ft. Knox. I held the golden relic up to the light and laughed at the light reflecting from it.

"Hold it, Tommy boy. Don't move a muscle." The voice was Claire's. I'd have recognized it anywhere. I could feel the pistol aiming right at my back.

"So you got here," I said. "I was wondering if you would."

"We got here," Claire laughed. "You did a good job on the mountain. But as it turned out, we had time. We picked up your trail y-



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each vanish in a cloud of dust. Their first attempt hadn't been very successful.

The next afternoon, things went better. Bass managed to stop the coach and pulled open the door. Standing back with his gun on the darkened interior, he shouted, "Come on out!"

No one did.
 The driver, sitting high in the seat with his hands above his head, yelled down, "We're empty, fellows. No passengers and no gold."
 A quick search confirmed what he said.

The three men waited a week until things cooled down a bit. Then they tried again. This time, there were passengers.

The three men just laughed when Bass demanded their money. "We're dead broke, young fella," they said. "We spent our last dime getting out here. Hell, we ain't even got eating money!"

Bass swore and handed them each a buck for dinner and told them to get the hell out of there.

The fourth attempt netted the three men a gold watch and two dollars. In the next run, they cleared six dollars.

Then things started to get pretty hot. Sheriff Wade set up a posse to catch the unsuccessful outlaws. Wells Fargo sent out one of its best men. The "Wanted" posters nailed to the town and more than the gang had stolen!

The three men pooled what money they'd taken, ate a hearty meal, then rode quickly out of Kansas. They were riding along the tracks of the Southern Pacific in Nebraska when Bass came up with a new idea. His childhood heroes had been the Reno Brothers, famous train robbers of another day. He suggested that they rob a train, and the other men quickly agreed. Perhaps their luck would change.

They added a new man to the outfit, Henry Underwood, and rode to Big Springs. They arrived late at night—the small prairie town was asleep. The man tied their horses behind the station and hid under the platform.

THE FIRST TRAIN didn't even stop, and it was almost morning before they heard another, which stopped. Bass led the men to the Wells Fargo coach and told Frank to go up front to make sure that the engineer wouldn't interrupt the proceedings. Most of the passengers were still asleep.

Bass opened the door and stepped inside. The express agent looked up quickly as the three men entered. "What do you guys want?" he stammered as his eyes took in the guns.

Bass smiled cheerfully. "What do you have?"

Collins saw the safe first, a small black box in the far corner of the coach.

"Where's the key?" Bass demanded.

Miller swallowed hard. "I ain't got it."

Underwood moved towards the man, gripping his gun tightly.

"Take it easy," Bass warned. "Maybe he'd tell the truth."
 "Sure I am!" Miller cried. "It's a foolproof safe. Can't be opened 'till we get to San Francisco." He shuffled through some papers on the desk, handing one of them to Bass. "Here's the proof."

Bass couldn't read, and neither could the other men. But so he saw the figures, Bass's fingers started to shake. There were two hundred thousand dollars in the safe! He swore and reached for an ax that was hanging on the wall. He smashed at the box with all his might. The steel snapped the blade, nearly breaking Bass' hand.

The three men searched the coach. In one corner, they found a stack of silver bars, but they were too heavy to be lifted. Fumbling around, Bass accidentally pushed a wooden box off the ledge. It slammed to the floor, breaking open and spilling out gold pieces.

The men whooped and started scooping them up. Then they found two more boxes—sixty thousand dollars in all! At last they'd hit pay-dirt.

They finished the job by lifting a thousand dollars worth of jewelry from the passengers. By the time dawn broke, they were well away from the scene.

A day later, they decided to split the loot and go their separate ways. Collins talked Bass into keeping his share for him, and Bass, always willing to be taken, left himself less than a thousand dollars traveling money.

After two days, Collins was cornered near Cliff's head and shot a dozen times. Underwood fell off his horse fording a stream—the gold in his pockets dragged him under.

Bass and Jackson made it back to Denton. Close to town, a deep ravine ran through the rugged country. Cove Hollow was a wild, six-mile tangle of brush and coves that the sun never reached.

Bass decided on the spot to a hideout and recruited a half dozen more outlaws. Sheriff Egan knew where the men were, but he was fond of Bass. To him, the twenty-seven-year-old kid was harmless enough—he'd never killed a man, and probably never would. Some- and the killer's instinct. He reasoned that even if Bass rubbed a stage or train now and then, it did no one any real harm. As a result, the "Wanted" posters flooded his office.

but they never made it past the wastebasket.

Bass' GANG COULDN'T stay idle. To keep from starving, they had to operate. They ventured out of the hideout and robbed the Fort Worth Coach. Take home pay—eleven dollars.

They tried it again a week later. Result—seventy dollars and two watches.

Once more they tried their luck; this time on the Houston and Texan Central Express. They netted four hundred dollars, but Bass gave a hundred of it away to a young girl who had recently become a widow.

When they tried the Texas Pacific Trains, two hundred from both was the total take. They'd have done as well driving ties for the trains they were robbing.

Sam Bass wasn't making much money, but he created quite a stir. Pinkertons, various marshals, railroad detectives and Wells Fargo agents descended on the Denton area by the dozens, but Cove Hollow was an impenetrable fortress. Occasionally, one of the law men would ride up to the tangle of brush, and fire a dozen volleys into it. But they always gave up in disgust.

After eleven months of robberies from Cove Hollow, Sam Bass made \$1,280. Split four ways, it didn't amount to a hill of beans. But Bass was blissfully happy. He'd always wanted to front a gang, and now he had his wish, even if it didn't pay well.

The clamor raised by the law agencies finally reached the ears of the governor. He threatened to call out the militia to capture "that troublemaker Bass." On that same day, Jesse James killed six men in cold blood just two miles from the governor's mansion. But no one bothered to hunt him down—they wanted the "dangerous" Sam Bass.

When Sheriff Egan received a telegram demanding that he get to work, he quit his job. He liked Bass too much to track him down.

The Texas Rangers were finally sent in, and they trapped Jim Murphy as he was riding along the trail near town. Murphy had been befriended by Bass when he was about to lose his ranch. The outlaw had also given him half the thousand left from the Union Pacific job. Murphy was one of the few men that could get into the cove without being shot.

As soon as Murphy saw he was nailed, he offered to help the law men catch Bass in exchange for his own skin. A deal was quickly agreed to.

"This place is getting kinda popular," Bass reflected to Jackson about a week later. The hills were swarming with lawmen and they were almost out of food. "Maybe we should



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If Sue has a point, and every bit of research done on the subject seems to support her views, the situation isn't just "tough." It's frightening. All of us either have children now, or expect to have them, sooner or later.

How can we look at our daughters if we know all of this is going on? It's easy enough to grin and smirk when the problem hits an isolated few, but when it tends to become universal, it isn't funny anymore. And it's becoming more widespread than most of us realize.

A recent survey of another roadside resort near Chicago was even more indicative of the current state of affairs. Of the fifty cars observed checking in to this particular motel between the hours of six and midnight on a Friday night—"date night" in many small towns in the Middle West—about half appeared to be legitimate highway travelers. Of the rest, a few of the girls had the unmistakable look of the professional—the heavy make-up and over-enthusiastic laugh that marks the "paid entertainer."

But the rest of the couples were obviously using the place as a rendezvous—the girls were unmistakably amateurs. Some of the girls were of high school age, with boys who were also very young. Many of them were with older boys, and some with middle-aged men.

These girls were not in the business of selling their bodies. No doubt very few of them were being paid off with anything more than a meal and a few drinks, if that much.

THE FACT IS, that amateur sex has become so widespread, so readily accepted as an ingredient in an ordinary evening's "date," that the demand for professional services has radically declined.

There was a time, not so long ago, when a boy who had been on a date with a "nice" girl often found it necessary to seek out the services of a professional prostitute after taking his date home. Despite the increasing moral laxity of that era, even the boldest of the "nice" girls would not permit the ultimate possession of her body by a boy. Extravagant with her kisses and with every form of "petting," such a girl would nevertheless stop short of the final stage; that situation alone was enough to drive many young boys and men to prostitutes, in order to satisfy the sexual needs thus stimulated close to the breaking point.

The situation is no longer generally true. Since World War II and, increasingly in the last few years, particularly, the standards of dating behavior have made the final sex act a rule more often than an exception between unmarried cou-

ples on an evening date. No longer does the girl arouse a man's emotions to the nail-biting stage and then send him away. Now she permits him to find release, and to give her satisfaction at the same time. The change has inevitably made a difference in the overall picture of prostitution.

A social psychologist at one of the great Eastern universities, in a study of the decline of the small town and the rise of the suburbs, points out that one of the many changes which has taken place concerns prostitution. As recently as thirty years ago, this scientist remarks, every town, large or small, had its quota of professional women. Even the remotest village had at least one girl who was known to be available to anyone who was prepared to pay her fee. It was an inevitable part of American civilization at that time, and almost always on a paid basis.

This, also, is no longer true. Prostitution is almost non-existent in the very small towns of today. The reason is simple: The moral codes of women and girls in these small towns made them almost "untouchable" to men. Because of this morality, they created a firm toe-hold for the small minority of prostitutes who were ready to satisfy the sexual needs of the town's men.

The rules of behavior have changed, however, and sexual restraint has burst through its confined boundaries among a very large section of the population. In large section of the population. In a typical small town, the boys and men do not look for paid prostitution because they don't have to. Instead, many of the "nice" girls and women are now available on a friendly, non-paying basis. As a result, the professional has disappeared from many towns.

"THERE IN THE twentieth century, not the Middle Ages," a college girl recently told a sociological researcher. "A girl's got as much right to now her wild oats as a fellow does. More, when you come down to it. After all, everyone knows today that a woman's sex needs are stronger than a man's. So she has even more of a right. It's a natural law."

"But doesn't it disturb you?" she was asked. "Don't you ever feel that you're doing anything wrong?"

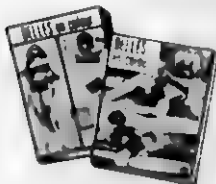
"No," she answered. "Absolutely not! It's fun and it's harmless. All the girls take precautions. And after all, it was only the risk of pregnancy that kept girls on the straight and narrow. Nowadays, with all the discoveries of modern science, there isn't any more risk. And no naturally, there's no longer any reason for chastity. I'd say that the girls I know all feel the same way. Sex is an accepted part of a





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date. Maybe not always the first date, but certainly by the time I go out with a boy for the third time, I'm as anxious as he is."

Despite what this girl said, however, the change has been more in outlook than in any lessening of risk. The risk of pregnancy is very much with us today. Probably with the increase in promiscuity among women and girls, it is even a greater risk than before.

"The worst of it is," says a woman we shall call Nita, "these kids really don't know what they're doing. They're really amateurs, right down to the ground. And they're not only spoiling things for me and my girls, but getting themselves in bad trouble, too."

Nita is a madam who maintains her "girls" in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. Until a few years ago, Nita was the mistress of a roadhouse in Ohio, across the river from Wheeling and some distance out in the country. But it has become less feasible to operate in that old-fashioned way. Now she has to send her girls on "dates" and to private parties.

But Nita is mainly concerned about the youngsters who are undermining her business. "They're just kids who don't know what it's all about," she says. "I don't see how a grown man can get any satisfaction out of them, really. And they get into more scrapes with diseases and pregnancies and abortions, too. It's really a shame."

While Nita may be prejudiced in her viewpoint, it is quite true that venereal diseases rates and unwanted pregnancies have been on the rise, particularly among teenagers. Everyone has seen recent newspaper headlines about the increase in juvenile delinquency, including sexual delinquency.

Juvenile sex has changed the whole pattern of sexual morality and with it the pattern of the industry of prostitution. The streetwalker is almost a lost figure in American society. At the same time, the small-town prostitute, who furnished the young boys of the region with their first sexual experience, has all but vanished as well. Today the great bulk of professional prostitution is carried on in the city, under far different conditions than it used to be.

Even the word "prostitute" has an old-fashioned ring today. There are still plenty of prostitutes, of course, but they are designated by such titles as "call girls" and "party girls." This is not accidental. The fact is that they actually are girls on call, ready to attend "parties" with one man or many, usually in a hotel, motel or some other such public accommodation.

While it still exists, it is not a

common practice today, for a girl to pick up a man on the street or in a bar and take him to her own room. In the same way, while they still flourish, the "houses" in which professional women both lived and worked are not the heart and soul of the business that they used to be. The Polly Adlers of today are operators like Nella Bogert-furnishing paid "companions" to well-heeled men who want to relax, whether at a party, a convention, or simply on a free evening in a city away from home. While these expensive "call houses" do a brisk business, the scale of prices on the whole has been depressed—because the broad base of the industry, the great mass of ordinary men, has been washing away.

“SURE, CALL GIRLS get more men-
tute,” says a woman in the same profession as Nita. “But there are a lot less call girls than there used to be prostitutes, compared to the number of men who like to have a good time. The reason is plain to see. These high school girls without any morals or brains are ready to give the boys the same good time without it costing them a cent.”

The young high school boy tumbling through his first experience with sex—the boy who used to pass this stage of maturity through a visit to his town's "house," sometimes even taken there by his father—now gets that experience with the assistance of the girl who sits next to him in high school English class. The young college student who once "painted the town red" with the help of the local waitress-prostitute, now gets the same excitement and satisfaction with a coed on his way home from a college dance or football game.

Even older men are availing themselves of unpaid sexual services—arrives they formerly brought from a prostitute.

All this is bound to have had its effect on the financial status of the commercial field of sex. Even the prices of call girls, which rose steadily with prices of other commodities during the period of post-war inflation, have shown a distinct downward trend in the last year or so. The lower reaches of prostitution, the street girls, the B girls and the rest, have been almost wiped out.

The reason is the amateur—the high school girl in search of a thrill; the misguided youngster whom "crowd" has persuaded her that complete laxity is the thing to do; the unfortunate emotional misfit who seeks in abandoned sex the solace she cannot get in the home or classroom.

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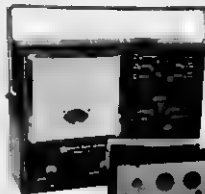
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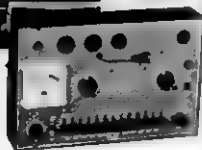
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I don't care if, today you own the skinniest, flabbiest or most laughed at body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send for my FREE 32-page booklet of muscle building information, I guarantee that you will experience a muscle building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles start bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did other champions—who were also weaklings—to put

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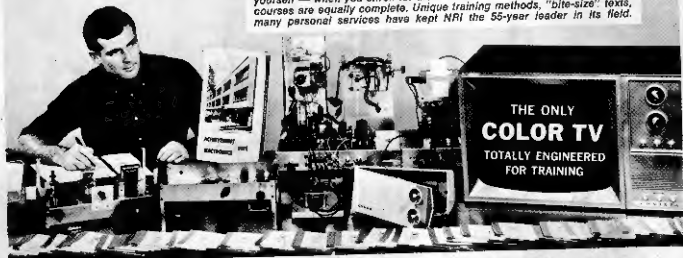
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